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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Celebrated Names.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALOWE RAYMOND.

At the ground floor window of a shabby house, in one of the quietest streets of Berlin, sat an old gentleman in the most comfortable of dressing gowns; his dark and yet sparkling eyes were thoughtfully turned towards a group of masons, busied with the erection of a new house directly opposite. It was a clear day in May of the year 1775, and the old gentleman had opened the window to its fullest extent, in order to allure the refreshing air into the room, and perhaps a bloom-dusty bee or a butterfly with it. The noise and dust of the building opposite must have disturbed him, however, for he closed the window, in spite of his spring wishes. Probably the open window might have disturbed others in the room—a youthful pair, who sat by an old clavier, and whispered together. These two were betrothed lovers: Juliana Benda, the daughter of the above mentioned old gentleman, and an excellent violinist and composer, the afterwards celebrated chapel-master Reichardt.

Juliana Benda was then a rosy and cheerful maiden, with a noble form and glowing eyes; Reichardt, who held her hand tenderly in his own, appeared scarcely so tall; was slender, with a refined, intelligent face. In their hearts bloomed a fairer spring than that without; an enchanting sunshine lay on their young brows. Betrothal was to them a garden full of rose-buds awaiting unfolding, in order to bloom in glory under the heaven of matrimony,—a hope that is too often doomed to death! The maiden's father, Franz Benda, the oldest shoot of this distinguished family of artists, had left a youth of extraordinary emotion behind him, and this could yet be seen in his interesting and deeply furrowed face. A Bohemian by birth, the son of a musical linen weaver in the village of Old-Benatka, he early awakened general observation by his wonderfully fine treble voice, and his love for music. This voice obtained for him, in his twelfth year, a place as chorister in the church of St. Nicholas at Prague. The lively boy, accustomed to unrestrained freedom, was through some narrow oppressions of his superiors, and some disputes with his companions, so much enraged, that he threw off his fetters, and on a fine summer's day escaped from a restraint that appeared unbearable to his hot blood and adventurous disposition. Full of spirit and courage, he sang and begged his way on to Dresden. Here, after a short trial, he was received among the boys of the chapel choir, and enjoyed the entire affection of his teacher. But he could not long support a separation from his fatherland; he longed for his lovely, romantic Bohemia; an unconquerable home-sickness came upon him, and overshadowed his soul, as a dark cloud the clear sun. The Bohemians have something of the Swiss character, with more fire and capability of resistance; the

Bohemian does not pine with home-sickness, he fights with it, full of wild courage and despairing valiance, and is only vanquished by his wily enemy after a persevering opposition. For nearly two years Franz Benda subdued the great longing of his heart; then his strength gave way. In the month of November, amid the wildest storm and snow, he left Dresden secretly, to wander back to Prague. What a continuance of privation and little troubles this journey was! Benda was almost entirely without money. Half starved, in rags, and sick with fever, the boy lay, at length, in the wagon of a compassionate peasant, as the numberless cupolas and towers of the proud and noble city of Prague greeted his eyes. At this long wished for sight, he felt no longer hunger, frost or fatigue; he folded his emaciated hands round the leaden image of the holy St. Nepomuk, which he wore about his neck, and a wild cry of delight rang from his breast. As soon as arrived, his first walk was to the choir master of the singers in the church of St. Nicholas—he wished to become a choir singer again. Ah! now he would do anything—allow himself to be beaten and oppressed—could he only remain in his beloved and lovely fatherland! Benda's former overseer was dead; his successor received the pale, beggarly boy in an unfriendly manner, and could only be induced to try his voice after the most passionate entreaties. He laid several masses in six parts, by Palestrina, before him, and called in some pupils belonging to the choir. Franz chose the celebrated Missa Papæ Marcelli, and commenced singing the upper part. But—oh holy mother of God! what a misfortune! No tone came from his throat, in spite of all his endeavors; only a hoarse croaking; his wonderfully beautiful voice was gone, lost in the fatigues of his life on the highway, through frost or fever; enough, it was gone for ever! Nearly out of his senses, the boy begged round Prague, ardently imploring Madonna Maria, in every church and chapel, to send back to him his lost treasure; and imploring in vain. One evening, worn out and discouraged almost to death, not knowing where he should lay his head that night, he entered one of the suburbs, as the fresh, wild, original rhythm of a Bohemian dance, played by a single violin, struck his ear, and wonderfully enlivened him. Some windows on the ground floor were lighted; the boy looked in, trembling with cold. Ah, there was enjoyment. Strong men, with weather-browned faces, held voluptuous female figures in the merry Redowa, the cheeks of the danseuses glowed, their eyes glistened, their full lips laughed, and all was joy and life. But the listening boy only looked at the fiddler; he sat on a table—an old blind Jew with a fine patriarchal head. Oh, how wondrously the bad fiddle sang, soft and proud at the same time! Like lightning this thought flashed through the soul of the boy: "This shall be thy voice, learn to sing on the fiddle!" He knew not how it happened, but in the first pause, when the fatigued couples, breathing heavily,

sat down to rest on the hard wooden benches, he entered the smoky room, went straight up to the old fiddler, laid his stiff hand on the hand of the grey beard, and said with sincere warmth: "Father teach me to play like you!" And the old man with the white beard did not seem to find his request very wonderful; a dreamy smile glided over his quiet face; he reached his violin to the boy, which Franz Benda kissed with as much devotion as the image of the holy Nepomuk, saying, "is music then so dear to thee?" The boy threw his arms round the neck of the Jew, and whispered: "I cannot live without music; I could sing, but can do so no longer; my voice is dead, but its soul lives in the tones of your violin!" His voice failed with those words; his sorrow over the loss of his greatest treasure broke out anew. "By and by you shall go into my little room," softly answered the old man: "there you can tell me all that oppresses your young heart. But now I must play; sit by me until I am ready."

From this moment a true friendship was formed between a fiery young soul, and a great, although wearied heart; the old blind Jew Löbel was the first master of Benda. Franz learned to play in an incredibly short time, and then travelled through the country, playing at dances, with his beloved master, whom he honored with truly childlike tenderness. Soon he formed a small band of musicians, that attained a certain reputation in the villages and small towns. Oh, those were wild times, full of romance and freedom! Days never to be forgotten, nay, weeks and months in the life of Benda. After the death of Löbel, the musicians separated; Benda went back to Prague and studied under Konyceck with the greatest industry; afterwards he visited Vienna to learn further, and above all, to hear. In his twentieth year he held the situation of chapel-master at Warsaw in the private chapel of a rich Starosten, (an officer of rank), who had been enraptured with his playing in Vienna. Franz Benda's manner of playing was full of magic and charm; his bowing large and yet delicate; he sang, and that in the noblest manner, on his violin; no one could hear his soulful tones without emotion. His execution too was uncommon, although he scorned to dazzle with bravura. He has been named the founder of that school of violinists, who may be called fine singers with the bow. After the death of Graun in Berlin, Franz Benda obtained the place of chapel master, and here we find him after this little digression.

"Children! go on with the music!" cried old Benda from the window. "Juliana, you know that I cannot suffer all this whispering and nonsense in the best hours of the day. You can say plenty of tender things to each other when you are married. This is the way you always try to escape from practice with such foolery. Quick-Reichardt, sit down to the old box, and accompany the girl in the great air from the 'Death of Jesus.' Juliana has studied it for three days,

and I hope she can sing it passably by this time." Without opposition, Reichardt opened a thick music book, Juliana opened the clavier and then tripped up to her father, whom she tenderly embraced. "Father, have you then entirely forgotten how you talked nonsense to mamma in your beautiful Bohemian land?" She asked so prettily and roguishly, that old Benda could not resist her; he gave her a caressing tap on the cheek for answer. As Juliana returned to her betrothed, smiling and beaming, her father looked after her charming figure with glances of pride and pleasure. Reichardt now commenced the great joyful aria, "Sing of the godly prophet," and the chapel-master directed from his place at the window. While the full voice of the maiden, swelling, ascended like that of a lark on high, at the lowest window moulding of the new house opposite stood a young fellow listening, with his arms across his breast; he had let fall hammer and trowel. While his companions continued their work, laughing and whistling, or gave him a blow as a kind of rough warning, he remained motionless, and looked opposite with wide-open eyes, and lips closely pressed together as if they would restrain even his breathing. He was a youth of Herculean build, and at the utmost not more than 17 years old. His face was not remarkable, but his eyes were large and bold. Old Benda had often remarked him, and had sometimes grown a little angry about his staring over the way, which he had at first taken for the indulgence of an idle curiosity. But since he had remarked, that the young mason only seemed to enjoy listening when music was going on in his house, and returned to his work with double industry when the sounds had ceased, the chapel-master began to take an interest in the young fellow. He watched him closely, and was delighted to perceive, that the youth looked and listened rapturously, when Reichardt practised his violin with his future father-in-law, playing fugues, whose artistic labyrinths, however they may interest a musician, do not usually allure others to follow them with pleasure and attention. The mason always showed the liveliest delight in Juliana's singing; the human voice appeared to have the greatest charms for him. When the maiden sang, even *solfeggi*—he was not able to move a hand to his work until the last tone had died away; he stood untroubled by the jests or rebukes of his companions, as we have already described. At the passage:

"Ascend the ladder of being  
On to the seraph—on, ascend!"

the singer revealed so seraphic a purity of tone, such noble beauty in delivery, and closed with so perfect a shake, that even Papa Benda sprang up, crying "Bravo."

At this moment a strong hand threw the window up from without; a dusty, overheated young face became visible, and a coarse fist, covered with lime dust and mortar, was stretched in. "Ah, mamsell, that was too fine!" cried a voice, in whose rough and uncertain tone the deepest emotion was manifest. "I must tell you so, and give you my hand into the bargain, else my heart will fail me altogether!" Juliana Benda could not resist such honorable praise, and such beseeching eyes; she ran to the window laughing, and reached out her pretty hand heartily. Reichardt looked a little astonished at this; Benda, drawing his daughter away, took the newly ap-

peared head between his large thin hands, and said: "Young man, the eye of an old musician is not easily deceived; I tell you, you have not chosen the right trade, you belong, through God and by right, to ours!" "I believe it myself sometimes!" was the answer. "Well, then, come over to us; throw away the trowel and the apron!" "That is impossible, my father would not suffer it." "What is your name then?" "Charles Frederic Zelter."

Our Charles Frederic Zelter never threw away the apron altogether, certainly: there always remained something of the mason in and about him, no one can deny it; but that he turned to the great musical profession, and there also became a master, all know, who have busied themselves ever so little with this glorious art. The excellent Fasch, the renowned founder of the Berlin academy of singing, was his master. Goethe's poems inspired him with the desire to compose. Later, when he had become director of the academy of singing, he wrote chorals, motettes and psalms in many parts; but the palm should be given to his original and excellent comic songs, a description of composition that seems, unfortunately, to have died out before our day.

Where can we find, among compositions in this genre, songs worthy to place beside Zelter's "Invocavit, we call aloud," or "St. Paul was a doctor?" Behind the mask of a certain learned gravity, the merriest heart laughs out, and in an irresistible manner—the comic effect is unerring. Zelter's serious compositions appear rather the result of zealous study, than the overflowing of his own fresh and original being. What especially captivated one in Zelter, was his good, warm, gay heart; wherever this heart sang or pierced through, the impression was powerful, every one was carried away by it, whether he would or no. Even old father Goethe could not withstand this nature! In the end, Papa Benda was not a little proud of his sharp-sightedness; he lived to see the commencement of Zelter's renown. The fair Juliana, however, whose voice the celebrated singing master never forgot, as long as he lived, only saw the first beams of this new star; she sank, a nobly unfolded rose, into the grave in all her bloom. Reichardt never drew very near to Zelter. Seldom has a German musician enjoyed so much honor and renown, in life and death, as our Zelter; his name is one of those, written with golden letters in the history of music. But his finest monument, both as man and artist, may be found in the simple book, whose title reads: "Goethe's correspondence with Charles Frederic Zelter."

(Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music from the "Deutsche Vierteljahrs-Schrift.")

#### On Music and its Position in Popular Life.

Like all art, music addresses itself to the emotions; but with such force, that man's whole being is appealed to and seized upon; its whole self is called into coöperative action that harmonizes all its component elements; out of this action spring forth feelings and conceptions, which, each in its turn, give rise to a world of variegated thoughts.

Science affords us clearness which is demonstrable; but Art, and especially musical art, brings forth representations of an inner consciousness, of a heavenly foretaste, so richly filled with the grandest mental enjoyment, that science must bow before it. For that eternal truth after which science is striving, be-

comes, through the eternal beauty of Art, an object of visible contemplation, without our requiring any scientific grounds upon which to base the enjoyments we realize. All verbal expression, all description, of the operations of Art is both difficult and ambiguous; which becomes the more evident when we reflect upon the uncertainties and contradictions of what is called Art criticism. On the contrary, experience teaches us that, among the initiated, there is a never-failing and sure impression of all the workings of Art. To approach some definite idea of a musical language, we have only to refer to the various impressions made by the different constructions of tone. Sounds not falling within the laws of melody, or opposed to the wants of the human ear, are to it, as well as to the human understanding, altogether incomprehensible; and, to take an example of this from the lowest, and thence from the highest scale of tone, let us study the effects of a savage yell, the notes of some discordant wild bird, and thence follow musical art to its highest point of culture and see the effect of strange combinations and bombastic efforts proceeding from the brains of untamed musical spirits.

But even in rational music some compositions become more intelligible than others, in proportion as the thought is clearer and more appealing to the real wants of our inner being. If we take a survey of the whole sphere which music is found to occupy in the life of the people, we shall be surprised at its extent and its importance.

In the first place, we are struck with the resemblance it bears to Christianity, which, accompanying man through all the circumstances of his life, hands him to his grave, and not unfrequently calls music to its aid in performing this office. The queen of all instruments, the organ, is the pillar and support of Christian worship, receiving man, on his first entrance into the Christian communion, with those soft yet majestic tones that operate so forcibly upon the human mind. The poet has portrayed with great significance the power of these organ tones, when, upon an Easter morning, they induce Faust to reject the poisoned cup.

Many of our youth, in addition to other branches of education and accomplishment, are instructed in music; all must learn to sing, in order to be able to assist in the performances of Divine worship, and it is difficult to determine how much influence musical instruction exercises in elevating the mind, refining the morals, and developing a general perception of the beautiful; how it leads away the soul from all that is mean, and places before the youthful understanding an harmonious universe, whose visible aspects are thus rendered the more sublime. Antiquity, the mirror for all later times, placed, with great justice, a high value upon a musical education, using moderation and good judgment in all its applications of the art.

When the young man enters upon the duties of a citizen, he assumes these responsibilities amid the touching and lofty tones of the organ; and when he has acquired a position in life, the voice and organ accompaniment again operate upon him, when he finds himself on the point of uniting for life his fortunes with some congenial being whom he has chosen for his wife. Then turning to the scenes of death and its solemn ceremonies, we see how music, among a large portion of mankind, exercises her powers of elevating, of moving, of comforting the soul, lending its voice of compassion and hope to the departed while to the living it appeals with its gentle warnings.

But it is more particularly in the separate departments of music that we are made sensible of its general effects upon the life of the people. The most natural, and, at the same time, the most appropriate division of music is, into sacred and secular. As the arts in general are of sacred origin, so also the oldest music may be said to have been of a sacred charac-



ter. It is natural that Art should claim such an origin, as her aim is to call up before the mind the deepest truths of our nature; and where she can not succeed in placing them in a palpable shape, she furnishes an inner perception of them, through the instrumentality of her manifold productions.

Of the music of antiquity we know but little; but amid the scanty remains of Grecian music, borrowed most probably by the Romans, we find in the significant Grecian tone combinations a strong resemblance to the ancient Christian music. This primitive music seems to have proceeded, partly from the chants of the synagogue, and partly from those of Greek tragedy, which is well known to have done good service and obtained its great reputation from its religious character.

The old Grecian tragedy had not yet arrived at that stage of brutality which the enervated Roman designated by the exclamation, "Bread and Games!" (*Panem et Circenses*), but it rather formed a portion of divine worship; and to the student of musical history it becomes evident that the Christian church has fulfilled her mission in collecting and appropriating the remains of heathen antiquity, and in endowing them with new vigor. The student of modern history must, at the same time, acknowledge that only those phenomena can be permanent which have copied and improved upon the merits of the ancients, and have not sought a modernization out of a total destruction of the old, ignoring by the fiat of a word or stroke of the pen all that thousands of years have established; in other words, that progression, and not an overthrow of all that has been established, can alone contain within itself the elements of durability.

But the old church music, which may well be termed immortal, because it is as old as the profoundest depth of the human soul, is, for this very reason, indescribable in its effects. After the lapse of thousands of years it still comes with thrilling impulse on the ear and heart, and strange as it may seem to many of our moderns, it claims of every seriously disposed individual a certain share of awe, and allows no one to escape its power. It stands without the sphere of modern comprehension, but, at the same time, it admonishes us of that which through all time was ever great and good and beautiful, and before its majesty the accidents of time and place must all vanish and be regarded as of no import.

The well known Gregorian church music is the finest product of ancient church music, and is still to be found in all its beauty in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, as well as in the Greek church at St. Petersburg, which derived it from the former.

A writer who has explored this field of study, and from whose views we can scarcely withhold our approbation, has drawn a comparison between Mozart's *Tuba mirum spargens sonum*, in the *Dies Irae* of his Requiem, with the slow and majestic measure of the Gregorian chant, where it is found applied to the same subject. The modern masters of music have bowed in acquiescence to the grandeur of the old church music, and in some instances have applied it to a new order of thought with marked success. Nearly as old as this music, and, in its original rich and diversified form, fully as deep and beautiful is the *Chorale*, and its importance as a portion of the Christian cultus of the present day is so fully acknowledged as to render it superfluous for us to follow this stream of popular life.

In the department of harmony just referred to, the old Italian school, with its Palestrina, stands unrivaled in the estimation of the learned and accomplished of every country; affording in its inexhaustible depth and beauty the source of our highest enjoyment. Here we behold rising up before us a naked, sublime and chaste beauty in its simplest yet grandest forms, free from all capricious ornament and announcing the eternal laws of truth and harmony. We may here, as well as in speaking of the ancient church

music, apply the well known motto, so successfully set to music by Handel:

Wir beugen uns dem ew'gen Satz: Was immer war, ist wahr.  
(We bow to the eternal law: What always was is true.)

In the more recent works of the great German followers of the illustrious Italians, who reached their zenith in John Sebastian Bach and Handel, we find blended with the character of the Italian school that of the German: showing at the same time that vigor and depth of mind and emotion and that variety of form, that spirit, strength, enthusiasm, and elevation to the standard of a proper pride, that form the basis of all the great works which shall endure among the German people for centuries to come.

Intellectual minds have been accustomed to compare the configurations of the music of Bach, so strongly marked by vigor, depth and grandeur, with the ornamentation on the old Gothic cathedrals. John Sebastian Bach may be regarded as the Albrecht Dürer of German music; his *Passion Music* after Matthew and John, his colossal Mass, as yet but little known; Handel's oratorios, especially the Messiah, Jephtha, and Israel in Egypt, are works which are destined to furnish for centuries to come more than one nation with material. Church music is of vast importance and of extensive range, in the popular life of the present day, particularly in Catholic countries, where it forms an essential portion of the services of Sunday and the Festival. We must lay a great stress upon the fact that it furnishes the auditor with a musical ear at a very early age; his sense of the lofty and the beautiful becomes awakened by this their noblest application, when at the sacramental table the poor enjoy an equality with the rich, dividing alike with them that special bounty of Christian life and conveying into their homes of poverty, comfort, joy and hope.

In recent times a great amount of church music has been written; but it has become greatly secularized, and, even in places of high repute, its treatment has become so spiritless and negligent, that the Council of Trent, should it convene once more as it did three hundred years ago, might well resolve to abolish it entirely—the text, aside of the music, being no longer intelligible. In church exercises the grand end should be to promote vocal before instrumental music; by this means the latter would be restrained within its proper limits. Yet the cultivation of instrumental music has created many good results. Organ playing has been brought to a state of great perfection, facilitated by improvements in construction, and the organ itself continues to be the queen of instruments.

In the dance, secular music comes up before us in its original form and appearance. The dance is an insignificant word, but of great significance, if we consider how much dancing is found among all nations, or even among our own German people, or in a small town or village.

"Necessity," says the old Grecian sage, "is the preceptor of all that is good," and it is truly said. Music was accordingly the earliest protectress of dancing. Among heathen people, ancient as well as modern, the dance accompanied religious service, whereas among ourselves it forms so exclusively a part of secular, as to present the strongest contrast to sacred music. The styles of dancing are almost as various in their character as the nations themselves, since, in the different representations of the dance, we find a reflection of the different nationalities; and hence their musical accompaniments must partake of an equally great diversity.

We are not allowed by our limits to go into a detailed consideration of the question, but leave much room for our reader to apply his imagination, his historiography and experience to the prosecution of further developments of this branch of the subject. The Germans have, in recent times, especially excelled in this department of music. Through the intro-

duction of French manners, the German dance allowed itself to be superseded by that of our neighbors. And we cannot set a light value upon the grace of the French dance, particularly the *Minuet*; and any one possessed of the ordinary knowledge of music, must have discovered how Mozart, in his Don Juan, has perpetuated the dance, and how it became the speciality of the immortal Haydn, in whose inimitable Quartets the Minuets form the most characteristic passages of those charming master-pieces. But although managed a little stiffly in early times, the German Waltz and Galop claim their own peculiar rights. Since Strauss, Lanner and some of the moderns have applied themselves to this field of music, it has undergone a visible improvement. But these modern ballets have, at best, no intrinsic musical value, and to any one versed in the Italian opera of the Bellini school it must become evident, that Strauss made a good use of the arias which therein occur. Yet even an elaboration of this class of music deserves some commendation, and the suggestion here forces itself upon us that, in Art, no effort to follow out its rules and produce an artistic effect should be discarded. "Every thing is good in its place," says Baillet in his excellent violin school. This is the only true position of the artist. Exclusiveness is a result, either of contracted thinking, or of a determination, resting upon inability, on the part of a so-called Dilettantism not to go beyond the limits of its own circle! The class of music we are now dwelling upon, however, runs some risk of being made subservient to the purposes of a more elevated fancy, guided by the enthusiasm of the master, in which the true elements of the dance begin to disappear, as we find in the delightful waltzes of Franz Schubert, and the mazurkas of that profound Polish tone-poet, Chopin.

(To be Continued.)

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

### The Proscenium Papers.

#### NO. VI. DEAD HEADS.

In essaying to depict a type of a certain species of dead-heads, for whom you and I, dear reader, in common with every right-thinking citizen, should entertain the profoundest contempt, it will be necessary to mention young Theophilus Kraywinkel, Esq., a recently admitted disciple of Blackstone—son of the Hon. Baltzer Kraywinkel, State Senator from the *Welschkornsack* district of inner Pennsylvania—and who has lately drifted into the orbit of that social planet, Mrs. Owllet Blink. I heard him triumphantly boasting a few evenings ago, of his facilities for passing into any opera, dramatic performance, concert or lecture, without the taxation of a single dime. Said he, with an accent which plainly betokens how six years of metropolitan residence and influence have not sufficed to rub away the "bushwhacker" smack from his tongue,—

"Very blasent, iss it not, Miss Galliope, to attend the best enderdaimeinds without any eggs-pence?"

"I should imagine it to be," rejoins the girl, curious as to the *modus operandi* of accomplishing a result so desirable. Kraywinkel, marking her curious mien, then closes the subject with a knowing wink from the corner of his dexter optic. Now, when I proclaim this unconscionable dead-head rich enough to lease a proscenium box for all eternity, and to pay in advance all the charges which such an arrangement would entail upon him, the astonishment of the reader at his palpable meanness, must be vastly intensified. His sire lords over sufficient property to bequeath to each one of four children, a redundant farm; and he allows the hopeful Theophilus a princely annuity. Why, then, should this child of fortune resort to every species of artifice and *finesse*, for the gratification of a mean propensity to pass into art entertainments free of charge?

Why gloats he with guilty eagerness over every chance of shirking remuneration for that which should elicit his best sympathies, and tax his purse at least equally with his more sensual and grovelling pleasures? Simply, because this mysterious itching for free admissions is one of the component parts of our weak and defective human nature; inherent with the status of total depravity, if you please. If any of my readers doubt the tenability of this assumption, let them ransack history and tradition to find

how this *penchant* has existed in all ages, as developed in numerous instances. Read the narrative of Hercules' visit to Hades, and see how Charon suffered imprisonment for ferrying the former across the Stygian lake, without the customary and necessary ticket—a golden bough from the Sybil. Moreover, this must have been a glaring case,—for mythological chroniclers assure us that Charon committed the breach of rule "against his will." From this, what inference? if not that the notorious bruiser, son of Jove and Alcmena though he was, must have wheedled, threatened, or contrived for a passage in such a manner as to prove himself an early, arrant and detestable specimen of this species of the genus *caput mortuum*. There certainly was nothing to prevent him from obtaining the customary passport from the Sybil; yet, shame to his career! the human part of his two-fold nature harbored the sneaking propensity to break through the established conventionality of the region. Another proof of the inherency of this *penchant* may be attained by tracing the earlier career of young Theophilus Kraywinkel. He and I grew up upon the same soil. Years ago, as well I recollect, he tripped joyfully toward me, snapping his fingers exultingly, as he unfolded to me how he had slipped, surreptitiously, under the canvass of the Reamstown Circus, and witnessed the ring performances without the investment of a single quarter from his well lined pocket. On another occasion, he tramped two miles under a broiling July sun upon a trifling errand for an itinerant showman, who had promised him a free admission as the price of his servility. It would be a research by no means unentertaining, to trace the artifices, intrigues and manoeuvres, whereby this young dead-head gradually wormed himself into the acquaintanceship and favors of our Maretzks, Ullmans, and Strakosches. Equally amusing to have watched the growing development of his early talent for this species of chicanery, toward that perfect position in the squadron of dead-heads, in the full consciousness whereof he made the triumphal vault to Miss Calliope Blink, which I noted at the outset.

Now, although we all harbor this yearning for gratuitous attendance upon the intellectual and refining pleasures of an enlightened age, this constituent part of our nature only becomes contemptible and culpable when fostered and developed by such as young Kraywinkel, who should feel a thrilling pride in a liberal compensation for the enjoyments of art or literature. I am not lampooning the dead-head fraternity without reserve. There is an immense regiment in the legion, whose position is of the most honorable character. Of such are editors and reporters, who contribute their brains and energies to the furtherance of Art, and the material prosperity of artists and managers; professors of music, whose daily efforts sow the seeds of an ultimate universal taste, which, as it progresses onward, renders the success and permanency of musical enterprises more and more certain with each recurring year; hosts of others, too, dead-heads in name alone, who constantly give more than a *quid pro quo* for the pleasurable recreations of their leisure hours. Such as these have the most indubitable claims upon the largesses of the *impresario*; nay, it belongs to them to demand a recognition of their just prerogatives from any shrinking manager, if such be their disposition.

However, the men who administer the business affairs of latter-day opera and concert troupes, appreciate this subject rightly, and are rarely slow to acknowledge merited claims. But they are in constant receipt of the most extraordinary demands from individuals, of whose alleged services they bear not the slightest recollection. Here are a few specimens, which once came under my own observation, while closeted with a certain dapper little Hebrew manager, known to us all, in an upper room of the *Graffe* House, in this city. They are all in the form of notes, which, sent up from the office below, were hastily scanned by the *impresario*, and then handed by him to me, with a half-facetious, half-disgusted mien. Voila!

No. 1.

"Mr. —"

KIND SIR!  
Would you accommodate me with a pass for three, for to-night's opera? Some twenty years ago I was a director of a leading musical society here; since which time, although ostensibly in the pork and provision business, my exertions in the cause of good music have never flagged. I am, so to say, still a Nestor among the art-worshippers of the city. Your attention to this little matter can do you prospects no possible harm. Yours, &c.,  
TIMOTHY FLETCHER,  
South Wharves.

No. 2.

"Mr. —"

DEAR SIR,  
When you brought Sontag to this city, some years ago, it was I who bought the proscenium box, at the old National, for the round season, and at your own price; since the collapse of the Pennsylvania Bank, I can no longer, I am free to acknowledge, support the opera with the same munificent liberality as was my wont. Won't you oblige me with a few tickets for to-night? Yours,  
JEREMIAH BOTHERSHINS."

No. 3.

"MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR!  
Soutenez vous de moi? Nous nous avons trouvé au Hotel du Louvre, ou je vous ai obligé, en vous recommandant un bon avocat, quand Mme. de La Grange commençait un proces contre vous. Obligez moi, en me donnant un billet pour ce soir. Votre, &c.,  
VICTOR OUDINET MARMONT."

No. 4.

"DEAR SIR,  
Praps you dun racklect me, Amos Stecknadel, that acted as usher when you specklated in Hertz, the pianist; am in the tayloring purfession now, would much like to hear a genwin oprur which have never hurd. Can you oblige a poor feller with a tickt; don't knead a resurvd seat. Yours,  
AMOS STECKNADEL."

The last of these precious documents emanated from our own Kraywinkel, the Grand Mogul of all dead-heads. It read thus:—

"MR. —  
Pardon my liberty in thus addressing you. It is on no matter of my own interest. A poor but worthy client of mine, a superannuated musician, harbors a most natural desire to attend this opera season,—a consummation deemed impossible by him, by reason of his straightened circumstances. Expressing himself thus at my office, I volunteered, although a stranger to you, to carry his cause to your court. Should you require any references from me, by way of attesting the genuineness of this petition, call upon the house of Nickel, Bros., bankers, or upon Mr. Ovelot Blink, Pres. of the Flambeau Ins. Co. If at all compatible with your arrangements, your acquiescence in this matter will, I am sure, gladden the heart of a man who has done much, in his time, toward the furtherance of Art. Yours, &c.,  
THEOPHILUS KRAYWINKLE,  
Atty. at law."

The wary little *impresario* was actually hoodwinked by this contemptible ruse; for with a hasty pinch of snuff, he forthwith wrote the magical words, "Pass the bearer for the season," and enclosing the same in in a neat envelope, directed it to Kraywinkel, in the firm consciousness that he was doing a generous service to a needy enthusiast.

Such, then, are a few specimens of the tactics employed by that species of dead-heads, of which the writer of the concluding epistle is a type. Happily for the reputation of our common humanity, their number is comparatively circumscribed! When you meet any such, dear reader—men after the order of Kraywinkel, whose ample means should enable them to rise superior to these petty propensities, and who should feel just pride in materially aiding the cause of art, refining, socializing, humanizing as it is upon the temporal condition of the masses;—when such an one crosses your path, reader, kill him if you can; or, failing the ability to accomplish that, blazon him abroad to the world even as I have done. I shall surely out young Kraywinkel from the pure atmosphere of the Blink orbit.  
B. NATURAL.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Letters on Musical Subjects.

III.

## BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY.

My Dear Friend,—It is the prerogative of men of genius to imbue their own experiences or the individual characters they sketch, with an universality and comprehensiveness, so that they are no longer the expressions of a single experience, but become the representatives of mankind or of classes. Their feelings stand for the generality of the feelings of mankind, their characters comprehend an infinite multitude of similar ones all over the world. The poets, the painters and sculptors, the tone-poets of the first rank, gifted with a divine insight into the nature of things, show in their best works the power of grasping those qualities in the individuals, that are common good of human nature and of putting them forth in combinations, true, complete and beautiful enough, to stand for the ideals of mankind or large parts of it. To quote a few examples: In Homer's *Odyssey* the character of the "excellent swineherd Eumæos" is not that of a single servant, but the ideal of all true and faithful help, who feel themselves part of the family and act accordingly. Or in the *Iliad* Achilles is not the individual warrior, but the ideal of heroic youth and manhood. In Shakespeare's characters we find the same universality and comprehensiveness. Thus Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, is not merely the faithful wife of Posthumus, loyal, full of trust, long-suffering, bearing much ill without complaining, free from all doubt in their husband's motives and actions,—ideal womanhood in the character of wife. Or Cordelia, in *King Lear*, is not only his own devoted daughter but the ideal of the highest expression of filial devo-

tion in woman. Michael Angelo's Moses is not merely the Jewish lawgiver and leader, but he stands for all heroic thought and action combined. Or the disciples, in Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*, are not those individual men only, but give expression to the universal sentiments of terror (Jacob the older and Andreas), of true, simple-hearted devotion (Philip), of rage and revenge (Peter), &c. A struggle with fate in an individual assumes in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony the gigantic dimensions of that battle which all mankind has to undergo. Nor does Leonore in *Fidelio*, Beethoven's Imogen, stand for a single wife in those severe trials, but like Shakespeare's Imogen, for an ideal of conjugal love. Nothing better represents the perfection of woman's trusting weakness and the irresistible power of love on her, than the injured Donna Anna, in Don Giovanni, the ideal of that phase of woman's character. And thus we might go on [quoting] examples, all tending to prove the principle put forth in the first sentences of this letter. That principle is to be enlarged by this, that those great works, though universal and all-comprehending, considered as a whole, yet show the strongest individuality in every particular. You see the individual component parts in their truthfulness and hence they strike you like your own personal experience. They may therefore (and mostly do) bear the stamp of the times in which they originated or of the scenery where they are laid. But, each considered as a whole, they are raised above time and space, their inner nature is universal and eternal as the essence of all our being and existence.

Such a work we have in the Seventh Symphony. The scenery, the dress, the incidents all are local and individual, the whole work is an ideal, elevated above change, and felt as such by men of all climes. It is a day in Beethoven's life, an episode in the work-day-life of the people; but its effect is like that of a chapter in the history of civilization, like a life-experience of mankind. As a genial friend explained it to me years ago, it is a popular festival in Germany. To feel all the beauty of the work, to comprehend all the details of the composition, to grasp the whole scene in one picture, you ought to have participated in such a festival as they are annually celebrated everywhere throughout Germany, most heartily, however, in the middle and southern parts of the land. Beethoven was born on the beautiful Rhine, he lived the longest time of his life in gay Vienna, where almost every Sunday or other holiday you might see the scenes enacted, which the poet idealized in this Symphony. Viewed from a distance such a scene of a Sunday afternoon in the *Prater*, the principal pleasure-ground of the Viennese might fitly be described in the words of Goethe in *Faust*, which we quote from Mr. Brooks' masterly translation:

Tenderer, clearer,  
Friendlier, nearer  
(is the) Ether . . .  
Garments ethereal,  
Tresses aerial,  
Float o'er the flowers,  
Float o'er the bowers,  
Where, with deep feeling,  
Thoughtful and tender,  
Lovers embracing,  
Life-vows are sealing.  
Bowers on bowers!  
Graceful and slender  
Vines interlacing!  
  
Green hills all flushing,  
Laden with roses . . .  
Happy ones, swarming,  
  
Glide through the charming  
. . . . . dominions,  
  
Hear them in Chorus  
Singing . . . . .  
Over the meadows  
Flit the bright shadows;  
Glad eyes are glancing,  
Tiny feet dancing,  
Up the high ridges

# THE MAY QUEEN.

41

same clear riv - er lean-ing, In the same brown harvest glean-ing, Homeward hand in hand re -

- turn - ing, The same stars of even-ing learn-ing, Need-ing nei - ther oath nor vow? Why is

all for - got - ten now? Why is all for - got - ten now?

## THE MAY-QUEEN. (More cheerfully.)

Clear that dole-ful, frowning brow, 'Tis no day for pin - ing

now; All this pre - cious sun - shine lo - sing; What if I so fic - kle be, Dance with



## THE MAY QUEEN.

o - ther swains than thee; Is it man - ly to la - ment? No! a - no - ther part - ner

Why is

*pp*

choo-sing, Thou be light - est in the ring— Smile the kin - dest, lon - dest sing— On - ly

all for - got - - ten now? Why is all for - got - ten now?

*Cres.*

for my pun - ish - ment, On - ly for my pun - ish - ment.

Why? Why?

*p* *sf* *p* *Cres.*

*p*

On - ly for my pun - ish - ment, On - ly

Why is all for - got - ten now? Why is

*sf* *Dim.* *p* *Smorzando.*

THE MAY QUEEN.

43

for... my pun - ish - ment.  
all for - got - ten now? Why hast thou chan - ged thy fan - cy

*Sostenuto.*  
*Cres.*

*Cres.*  
Can I not find thee a war - rant for chang - ing, Up in the  
now?.... Why hast thou

*Sempre.* *Cres.* *Ritard.*  
fir - ma-ment, down in the flow - er, Up in the fir - ma-ment, down in the  
chan - ged thy fan - cy now?.... Why hast thou chan - ged thy fan - cy

*Molto* *ritard*  
*Cres..*

*Allegretto con grazia.*  
flow - er. Can I not find thee a war-rant for changing, Up in the fir - mament,  
now? Why, O, why do you frown on and fly me? Wither my heart, bo-

*Rall.*

## THE MAY QUEEN.

down in the flow - er, Round in the breezes for e - ver-more rang-ing, Ci - ty and wil - der-ness,  
 - wil - der my brain? Why..... do you frown..... on and

*Espress.*  
 o - cean and bower? 'Till the wild wind with its mes - sa - ges la - den Thou canst set free or con -  
 fly..... me, Can you behold, without memory's up - braid - ing, Eyes that are dim as mine,

- trol with a span. O! for in - con - stan - cy blame not a mai - den, Nor force her heart to do  
 cheeks grown so wan? O! of each vow that is bro - ken by mai - den, Love keeps a re - cord more

*Con anima.*  
 more than it can! O! for in - con - stan - cy blame not a mai - den,  
 stern - ly than man! Love keeps..... a re - cord



Some of them clamber,  
Others are skimming  
. . . lakes of amber

All are in motion,  
Life-ward all yearning,  
Longingly turning  
To the far-burning  
Star-light of bliss.

These lines contain the subjects of the Seventh Symphony.

The introduction, (Poco sostenuto a quarter equal to 63, four-four time) *m* 1—62, impresses me like a serene spring morning. Tranquil peace overspreads the dewy, cloudless, dawning morn, which will presently wake into life. This the first motive, *m* 1 and 2, seems to say, which is sung by the Oboes, Clarinets, and the mellow, far-sounding Horn. Presently the Violins and other strings begin their rustling, stirring runs *pianissimo*, *staccato*, soon joining them to the first motive, thus introducing motive two, an invitation, full of winning grace *m* 22 and 23. Louder and louder the first motive, in connection with the runs, calls and awakens all things living; and once more in *m* 41 the second motive tries its alluring power, which succeeds. For in *m* 53 motive three sings forth sweet consent, one or the other of the instruments always playing motive one. And in *m* 62 the first part of the Symphony begins.

I think it was Richard Wagner, who said this Symphony was an apotheosis of the dance. And indeed, all the motives of the first, third and fourth movements of the Symphony are dance-music in ideal perfection. In joyous happiness we glide along with the light and graceful motive in six-eight time to *m* 108, where it assumes a character more pensive, almost sad. Does the deaf tone-poet suddenly remember his bodily defect, which prevents him from drinking in the pleasant scene with all his senses? In *m* 118 a cheering motive, the fifth, follows and is succeeded by motive four in C major, with a new, charming face, tender, graceful and loving, and then rollicking along, down the tonic chord of C major. The same fourth motive in *m* 141 comes in, mysterious, leading on with growing strength and rising tones to a succession of chords *m* 152—163 *fortissimo*, interrupted by a thoughtful repetition of motive first, *pianissimo* in every 5th and 6th measure. Snatches of the melody, which began it, close the first part and lead to its repetition and then to the second. *Pianissimo* on one tone, joined by the other tones of the chord, one by one, begins the second part. As a lull feels, after the largest wave has just been breaking on the surf, the white foam still floating and rippling at our feet, this *pianissimo* feels to me, with the sparks of tones undulating *pianissimo* in the strings and wood instruments, until, after spreading in swelling chords, the same rollicking fourth motive runs through various chords (*m* 200—216). As if it were from a distance, scarcely perceptible, the melody of *m* 67 begins *piano*, never finishing, however, (*m* 222—235), when, rising step by step and increasing, the same snatches of melody burst forth *fortissimo* in *m* 255. The whole passage, *m* 222—275 sounds like the mighty droning swell of a vast assembly, drawing nearer and becoming more and more distinct. In *m* 278 the third part begins, mainly a repetition of the first, enlivened by a varied figurative accompaniment in the double basses. In *m* 379 the Coda begins *pianissimo*, representing again the effect, the mingled tones of a vast multitude of men produce at a lessening distance. If you consult your piano-arrangement, you will find that the bass, after resting from *m* 379 to 389 on four tones successively, while the other instruments sing out motive four in sweet, blissful, harmonic changes, plays from *m* 390—411 the tones d (quarter note, dot, and tied eighth note), c sharp, b sharp (eighth notes), b sharp, (eighth note), c sharp (two quarters and a dot). These low tones, swelling more and more, mainly produce the effect of many mingled sounds, of a multitude of voices.

There is great strength in the constant and *crescendo* repetition of chromatic phrases in the bass. The vagueness of a chromatic sequence leaves free play to the imagination which, powerfully impressed by the very low tones, gets a foreboding of something grand, either sublime or terrible. In this instance the fourth motive in a pleasant variation, based on the tonic chord of A major from *m* 390 to 419 produces a sublime effect, connected with this *basso continuo* of the Alti, Violoncelli and Bassi. As an example of the terrific effect of such a chromatic *crescendo* sequence, I may remind you of the sensation the Coda of the first movement of the Ninth gave you, when you first heard it by the orchestra. Jubilant ends the first part in *m* 439.

The second movement (*Allegretto, two-four time*), is 'one of the gems, which for their simplicity and expressiveness are never forgotten. The direction, which Beethoven himself gave in the musical journal "Cecilia" as to the tempo (I will use here the Italian word for "movement" which, employed to designate the parts of a Symphony or a Sonata also, ought to be replaced by the former) reads: a quarter-note equal to 88 on Maelzel's metronom. The Paris metronoms, mostly in use here, go faster than the Vienna ones. I make mention of these facts, since there is constant complaint about the tempo of this movement. Though we all know full well, that tempi, unless especially marked by the composer, are best left to the artistic taste of conductor or performer.

This movement expresses to me a personal experience of Beethoven. The deaf man sings out of an overflowing yet resigned heart his sorrow at being separated from the full enjoyment of life with his fellow men, whom he loved so much, by his hopeless malady.

There are but two melodies in this part, each having two parts and a Coda. *M* 7 and 8 of the first melody furnish the subject of a short *Fugato* in the latter part of the movement. The arrangement is very simple, being that of the fourth Rondo-form. If you wish to refresh your memory on the construction of that form, you may turn to Marx' "General Musical Instruction," (Novello's Edition), where you will find the analysis of the five Rondo forms on p. 89. Here I will merely add the numbers of the measures corresponding to the parts of that form. The principal melody with its leading over passage extends to *m* 100, the first side-melody with passage to *m* 148, the repetition of the principal melody with figurative accompaniment and variations in the leading part to 173, whence a new Coda and passage in *m* 182 leads to the *Fugato*, which stands for the second side-melody to 213. From here the principal and first side-melodies return in variations, *m* 214 to 224 and 224 to 242, and are followed after an episode, *m* 243—254, by the closing Coda, *m* 255 to 278, the end of the whole movement.

To speak of the beauties of the movement would be like "carrying owls into Athens." Every one feels the resigned grief of the principal,—the consoling assuring sweetness of the first side melody,—the nervous accumulation of bitter grief in the *Fugato*. You will notice that, in the first twenty-six measures, most significantly the melody is omitted, merely the accompaniment being introduced. Alas! did not the poet feel keenly the blank left by the failing of that quickening sense of hearing? Not until *m* 27 the melody begins in the lower strings, the Alti and 1st Violoncelli. There is a place in the first side-melody, *m* 123—138, which for sweetness of longing desire might hardly find a parallel. The change of C sharp, e, g, a sharp, e, to D, e, g sharp, b, e is most wonderful and touching. Most moving grief and complaint is also expressed in the Coda to the principal melody *m* 174—177. Startling is the effect of the sudden change to C major in the episode *m* 246. You remember a similar transition to C major in *m* 30 of the second movement in the Fifth. The move-

ment closes with a bitter deep-drawn sigh summing up the pangs of his grief in the snatch of melody and the dying away of the chord from *forte* to *pianissimo*.

The third movement, (*Presto, three-four time* one measure equal to 116), like the second one, has two distinct melodies. In the first we see, how "over the meadows flit the bright shadows; glad eyes are glancing, tiny feet dancing; happy ones swarming . . . glide through the charming dominions." We "hear them in chorus singing" and shouting far off, (*pianissimo*, in the second part of this melody), while they may be "clambering up the high ridges" and "others are skimming . . . lakes of amber." But in that heavenly second melody, sung by the Horns, the Clarionets and the Fagotti, we seem to hear voices from those far distant "green hills all flushing, laden with roses" out of those "bowers on bowers, where, with deep feeling, thoughtful and tender, lovers embracing, life-vows are sealing." The last part of this second melody *m* 224—238 quaintly consists of accompaniment only, the melody vanishing in the great distance.

Merry, graceful and sweet was the third movement. The fourth might be called bacchanic in its ecstasy of exuberant joy. You ought to have seen German country-folk dance, to fully feel the intensity of enjoyment expressed in this fourth movement. It is hardly necessary to add, that the pure crystal of happy enjoyment seems to be in danger of being darkened by the smoke of the flaring, fluttering flame of passion. Something of this nature seems to be heard in the wild, frantic *m* 106 to 123, and in places preceding them. The movement, (*Allegro con brio, two-four time*, one measure equal to 80), has a melody full of intense enjoyment, careless and forgetful of everything else, but elevated and enroled by an artifice, which only genius could hit on, viz., the introduction of chromatic changes in the melody and in the accompaniment. Try to play *m* 13 to 17 with the simple melody in A major, without any naturals and the accompaniment of Dominant 7th and Tonic chords, and you have a commonplace melody. As it stands it is *spirituel*, and I only hope, it will not be taken too fast, so that the enharmonic changes are noticeable.

It is the custom of the "boys" in German villages, to relieve their pent-up enjoyment by shouts on the word Juch-he! You will notice those shouts, which the poet did not disdain to introduce here, in various places, beginning in *m* 136, and again from *m* 175. A great deal has been said against those imitations of natural sounds in music. But examples are full to defend the practice. Remember the Creation, the Pastoral Symphony. Even dainty Mendelssohn makes poor Bottom bray in the overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream. The second part of this movement, which begins in *m* 128, is full of these shouts, while in the first from *m* 230—343, we have a repetition of the first part; the movement being written, as you see, in the Sonata form, as the first is. The excitement of this closing movement is so great, that it takes the poet from *m* 344—466, a Coda of unusual length, to get quiet enough for the close. In this Coda by the same means of making the *Basso continuo* repeat chromatic sequences (twenty-one measures constantly having E, D sharp in the basses) the assembled multitude is made to be heard and felt once more, and in strong runs, interspersed with snatches of the principal melody, the Symphony comes to a close in *m* 466.

No excuse is needed, I feel persuaded, for not having spoken more of the last movement, the letter being almost as long as the Coda, that is to say unusually so. Should the Symphony be performed again, I may "inflict" a few more remarks on some motives of the last movement, which are interesting enough, psychologically (the motives namely), for a letter almost as long as this.

Now, if you enjoy the Symphony as much as I did, while writing about it, you will not regret going to hear it. And so, good bye,

Cambridge, Feb. 26th, 1860. G. A. SCHMITT.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 3, 1860.

## Revival of Gluck's "Orpheus" in Paris.

We have long felt that the greatest novelty possible to opera-jaded ears, just now, would be a chance to hear a fair performance of one of old Gluck's operas. Have we not learned all that modern Italian opera can teach us? Can Verdi and the rest, even in their newest works, under whatever new forms, really do more for us than haunt us as a hand-organ haunts a sick man's dreams with everlasting repetitions, the less near to nature the more familiar they become? Is it much better with Meyerbeer's magnificently wearisome elaborations? Such refreshing naturalness and geniality as we find in Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, in Rossini's "Barber" and "William Tell,"—in Bellini's love melody too, except that it sings always one and that a limited experience and grows hacknied,—is a godsend among these, and lets us know what truth and nature are and that there is properly no Art where there is no soul. And now that so much of all sorts has been heard, such elaborations, such strainings for novelty, such effects, such ingenious new stimulations to which the sense grows dull so very soon, we think the most experienced music-lovers would be ready to say, in a tone of heartfelt confession: Give us something less elaborate, less wonderful, if need be, but at all events something genuine, something natural, something which has dramatic truth and feeling in it, carried up by divine force of genius to pure musical and beautiful expression, in an imperishable result of Art, subtle and imitable when you approach it analytically, yet infinitely simpler perhaps in its outward means and calculations of effect than the nine days' wonders now continually added to the lyric repertoire.

Such operas, of such simple means, in which everything subserves in the first place dramatic truth, expression, and in the second place, but quite as essentially, that beauty which lifts to an eternal meaning all the particular meanings, and is thus the stamp of Art, are, according to all testimonies from the time they were composed, the operas of Gluck, and especially his *Orpheus*. They are so simple, so little overwrought with modern effect contrivances, so chastely abstinent from that sentimental kind of melody which has since been popular, that our modern singers seem indignantly to resent the idea of appearing in them, as if such child's work were beneath them. Yet who that has carefully studied the score of *Orfeo* (and it requires much more than such perusal of course to know what it really is) does not feel that here is something of that intrinsic and transcendent excellence, as to beauty and expression, that comes the nearest of all human works to nature, just as he does in reading a true poem however simple? Were Meyerbeer ten times the Mulciber that he is, with ten times as many hundred-handed Briareuses at work in this vast brain forge of his, all its stories crowded with the cunningest contrivances of modern steam-machinery within the reach of the mechanical mind, would he send any product out therefrom that would come any nearer nature, or give any more of the true quickening sense of Art, than those that have already made such conquest of the world as they are able? Verily such power, however multiplied, stops ever balked at the same limit. Gluck has scarcely been performed much anywhere of late years outside of Berlin. But thoughts are beginning to turn to his neglected treasures. It is pleasant now to read of the revival, and the performance for twenty-five consecutive nights, in Paris, of all places in the world, of *Orpheus*. The interest in it there seems still increasing; those who have been brought up upon modern effect music altogether, are learning to like it; and

we trust our readers will peruse with as much interest as we have done, the following article about it from the London *Athenæum*:

The "Orphée" of Gluck—to follow M. Berlioz, whose knowledge on the subject is to be trusted—was written to a text by Calzabigi of Vienna, in 1762, not 1764—the date hitherto accepted—the principal part for a *contralto* (Signor Guadagni). When it was brought subsequently into France, this voice was changed for one of those tenors with a high *falsetto*, long peculiar to our neighbors, and the *bravura* which closes the first act was added—it is believed, not by Gluck, but with his concurrence—for Legros. Let it be first pointed out, once for all, that in no music is effect so feebly represented by perusal as in the operas of Gluck. Even those of his grand scenes which are available as concert music, however finely declaimed they be, whatever be the vigor of the chorus, must suffer for the want of action, of grouping—of the stage, in short. Owing to this they have been undervalued: whereas it might be fairly urged, that it is not the convertible qualities of a work of Art which should give it rank, but the height to which it fulfils its destined purpose.—The statue of *Il Parnaso* was calculated by Michael Angelo for its monumental chapel. Remove it into a *cortile*, or the open air, and more of its grandeur would pass from it than it is easy to believe.

In one respect, as originally composed, "Orphée" is alone among operas; a musical drama without a *solo* voice deeper than a *contralto*. Yet so artfully is the score adjusted, as not to suffer by what probably originally arose from thoughtlessness or incompetence on the part of the *librettist*. We do not miss *Plato* or *Charon* from the story; even when its hero, as now, is personified by a woman.—The nerve and variety given to the several scenes by the employment of the chorus:—at first, gravely funeral,—then menacing, ferocious, infernal,—thirdly, *suave*, if monotonous, in expressing the beatitude of

"The happy souls that dwell  
Mid yellow meads of asphodel"

are admirable; nor less so are the grace and variety of the pantomimic music, which proves Gluck to be as great a master of instrumentation as many of his renowned successors, who had more complicated means at their disposal. If he was not as great a symphonist as Mozart, he was greater than Mozart as a colorist. Both had phrases of a favorite pattern, but Gluck carries away the palm of dramatic truth of expression, and in grandeur. This we have long felt, but never with such an intimate conviction as the other evening while hearing his "Orphée," which, yet, is not the grandest, nor, perhaps, the most expressive of his five great operas.

To speak now of the execution. It would have been absurd to attempt such a revival without the presence of a competent artist to animate it—to "restore *Eurydice* to life." But we cannot dream of any fulfillment of such desire more consummate than is to be found in the *Orpheus* of Madame Viardot. There is nothing on the modern musical stage that can approach it: there has been nothing on the musical stage of any day that can have surpassed it. As a piece of acting, it must take rank with the *Medea* of Pasta, with the noblest antique creations of Rachel or Madame Ristori; and under a circumstance of greater difficulty than attended the personations of the last-named two great tragic artists, the amount of mute pantomime which the part contains. Antique, but neither cold nor mannered,—no composition of set postures and effects, but of passion and pathos, of tenderness and inspiration,—this great singer's performance of "Orpheus with his lute" will remain, with all who have seen it, so long as memory shall remain. Most especially is to be commemorated the scene in the Elysian Fields—the search of the lover among the groups as they glide by for his lost one,—and his clasp of her hand with *Eurydice* is restored,—and that gesture of relief and ecstasy, exuberant in its very absence from extravagance. This, as less obvious, more delicate, yet not less intense, belongs even to a higher artistic conception than that of the better-known miracle by which *Orpheus* charms the demons,—nay, even, we think, than his wild dismay and grief over the body of *Eurydice* when she is a second time torn from him. What might these scenes be did the *Eurydice* bear any proportion to the *Orpheus*!

But it is in vain to long for what never will be. The declamation, the expressive power, the limitless brilliancy of Madame Viardot as a singer, are known to every one familiar with her as a vocalist; but they have never possibly been put forth in one work so completely as in "Orphée." The *bravura* at the end of the first act would be an utterly hopeless attempt for any one else now singing. The well known "Che farò" (which we have never wholly relished

as a concert-song, whether ornamented or plain) becomes what it was meant to be,—a wail of bitterest desolation and woe, as flung out by her above the corpse of the beloved one: thrice repeated, always in a different tone of woe. In brief, unanimous as praise has been, and highly wrought its epithets, on this occasion, the most highly wrought is not hyperbolic. Let it be added, too, that though, as in the case of every artist of sensibility, there may be better and less good evenings, Madame Viardot has never been in fuller possession of her vocal powers than she is now, after "a run" of an opera, dependent for its effect so largely on her sole self. The other parts in "Orphée" are fairly cast; the orchestra and chorus, which have been carefully drilled under the superintendence of M. Berlioz, are good; the stage appointments (as is the rule of M. Carvalho's theatre) are liberal, and in the finest artistic taste. The scenery, as has before been said, might be a lesson to the best of our theatres, in its absence of those bits and patches and sky-corners which so largely mar the effect of our painters.

There are some for whom Gluck's operas were not written, as also Shakespeare's plays, and Dante's "Divine Comedy," and Milton's "Lycidas." But no lover of what is loftiest, most real, and, withal, most beautiful in dramatic music, can fail to find one of the satisfactions which occur too rarely in a lifetime in Gluck's "Orphée," as now given at the *Théâtre Lyrique*.

## Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—Another pleasant meeting, on Tuesday evening, in the pleasant new hall in Bumstead Place, with large audience, and, for the most part, excellent programme:

1. Quartet, in C minor, No. 3, op. 18.....Beethoven  
Allegro.—Andante quasi Allegretto—Scherzo—Finale. Presto.
2. Sonata Duo, for Piano and Violoncello, in D, op. 58.  
Mendelssohn  
Allegro—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio—Finale, Molto Allegro.
- Messrs. Lang and Wulf Fries.
3. "Souvenir de Haydn," Solo for Violin.....Leonard  
William Schultz.
4. Ballade, in A flat, op. 47, for Piano.....Chopin  
B. J. Lang.
5. Quintet in C, No. 2.....Mozart  
Moderato—Minuetto—Andante—Finale, Allegro.

The Quartet is one of the lightest, but most genial and delightful of Beethoven's;—so friskish is it, so full of *scherzo* even in the *Andante quasi Allegretto* which stands for the usual slow movement. It was finely played, except that the Finale, (marked Allegretto for most of its length, and only quickened into Presto near the end) was all taken exceedingly fast,—at least too fast for easy going. The Mozart Quintet was highly edifying. How little that man had to labor to start veins of melody, and how readily the melodies all ran the right ways, through all the curious turns and windings, called "learning" when forced, but really the spontaneous ways of Art and poetry when there is genius in them!

The piano-forte sounded better than in the last concert—at least where we sat—and Mr. LANG displayed his fine crisp qualities of easy execution to great advantage in the most of the Mendelssohn Sonata Duo. It is a most interesting work; the Adagio, a chorale spread out in large arpeggio chords on the piano, and accompanied with fiful, musing recitative on the 'cello, is very imposing. The Ballade of Chopin was played with facile brilliancy; and yet there was a lack of life in it; one missed the *aura* of Chopin.

The "Souvenir de Haydn" disappointed us. There was very little of Haydn, or Haydnish, about it, beyond the mere theme of "God save the Emperor;" the variations and transitions are after the same pattern of all the modern violin show pieces, so that it was hard to believe you had not heard the thing many times before. Mr. SCHULTZ's execution, clean and delicate in parts, was yet unequal.

The next (seventh) concert will take place in the same hall, March 13.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The Afternoon Concerts, to the general joy, have come back to the Boston



Music Hall, and the event was signalized last Wednesday by unusual wealth in the selections:

1. Symphony. No. 3. (In Four Parts). . . . . Mendelssohn.
2. Grand Waltz. Die Flotten. . . . . Lanner.
3. Overture. Ruy Blas. . . . . Mendelssohn.
4. Annen Polka. . . . . Strauss.
5. Weber's Invitation a la Valse. Instrumentation by Berlioz.
6. Emperor of Russia Coronation March.

The "Scotch Symphony"—Mendelssohn's finest instrumental work—was really refreshing to hear again. His overture to Victor Hugo's tragedy of *Ruy Blas* has not been played here since the times of the Germania Orchestra. We heard it with much interest. It is not in either of his romantic veins, the fairy one or the sea-shore (*Hebrides*) one, and is very dramatic for Mendelssohn; stern, startling chords of brass alternating with a feverish passage of the violins, which infects the whole orchestra till it heaves as in a storm; there is also a broken little staccato theme started by the violins and worked into the general texture, which gives fine relief; but brass and rage prevail.

This was the *seventeenth* of these pleasant concerts this winter, and they will still continue every Wednesday.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

The sickness of the editor, and total detention from work, all the last week, will account for many shortcomings in the last number, and for some in this. The Errata in our last were numerous; among others these:

In the Sonnet by Miss Raymond, 8th line, for "faintest" read *faint*. . . . In the article on the "Magic Flute," page 379 first line of third column, for "without comprising her part," read without *compromising*. . . . In the sketch "Two Brothers," 1st page, middle column, instead of "David thought of a lit le plan," read *Jacob*.

From the same cause our translation from Oulibicheff has to be suspended this week, but will be continued next week.

**ZERRAHN'S CONCERTS.**—With regret we direct attention to the programme of M. Carl Zerrahn's last concert, to take place at the Music Hall, *this evening*. The programme is one of rare excellence; attractive to every class of music-lovers; truly a popular programme, for what do Boston people love to hear, (saving always the fifth,) as they do the seventh symphony of Beethoven? What wondrous novelty of later days is ever so truly popular with us as are these master works? There are novelties too in the programme, which should be of the highest merit, and taken from various schools of art. But, the programme itself tells all that. We regret that Mr. Zerrahn, after years of perseverance, should now announce that he abandons the field, and that this is indeed his last concert. We are indebted to him for much good service in the cause of the best music. It is to the shame of Boston that he has not reaped a due reward for his toil. We cannot but hope that a careful revision of the experience of the years he has passed among us, may yet suggest to him some plan by which he may, profitably to himself as to his audience, continue to conduct such concerts.

### Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 27.—In making my *rendezvous* into your columns, friend Dwight, allow me to state that I am not actuated by any conceit of personal capability to add ought of value to the excellent Art character of your Journal: but simply from a patriotic desire to have the current musical events of our city fully recorded therein, in common with those of other places, greater or less, which contribute to make up your general news department. An occasional correspondent, in your issue of the 8th inst.,

has created quite a stirring breeze among the Tonic element of our city, by scoring a prominent professor for certain pianistic shortcomings at a recent classical soirée. I have been blamed for the philippic—you know how wrongfully. But *n'importe*. Like the amiable Pickwick at Eatanswill, whose natural curiosity to witness the workings of a British rustic election subjected his obese *corpus* to the kicks, cuffs and buffets of the contestants—so, too, have I endured divers indignities in my time, through an absorbing inclination to keep myself and others posted as to the true condition of affairs among the sensitive and excitable votaries of Apollo.

Nine nights of the COOPER English Opera at the Academy, for the low price of fifty cts., failed to produce any striking financial or Art results—and your information, in last Saturday's issue, concerning the success of the troupe, as clipped from the *Evening Journal*, is incorrect. And yet, although regular *habitudes* shyed off from it, as something too cheap, and therefore too unfashionable to be good, features there certainly were in the *ensemble*, which placed the troupe above contempt, even affording genuine pleasure, in some particulars, to the most cultivated tastes.

Of such, it may be well to notice here the excellent vocalization and pretty voice of the Guelph-featured prima donna, Miss ANNIE MILNER, (said to be Mrs. COOPER off the stage), who sustained the various soprano *roles* of the company's repertoire with decided spirit and judgment, at times evincing a very considerable degree of histrionic talent.

The performances of Mr. AYNLEY COOK seemed about equally divided between points of excellence and freaks of striking absurdity—displaying as much misconception in the character of Devilshoof as judgment in, for instance, his Count Rodolpho. In the former he behaved in the most ungipsy-like manner, striking all sorts of attitudes and whirling ungraceful pirouettes, something after the terpsichorean improvisations of Amodio in *Don Giovanni*. Now the fat baritone invariably created a roar of merriment, his obesity being so great as to render even the slightest acceleration of his anatomy, beyond a slow and heavy tramp, ludicrous. When he swung himself and little Patti around, it really seemed like a *pas de deux* between an elephant and a gazelle. Cook, however, lacked the necessary rotundity to conjure up to the audience an equally funny simile, although his extraordinary pirouettes were plainly designed as an imitation of Amodio's comicalities. Still, many of his efforts in other operas were worth the liberal quota of applause bestowed upon them.

A small-sized tenor, named BOWLER; a tolerable contralto; and a wretched successor to RUDOLPHSEN, whose artistic singing and judicious acting had made him justly popular—a lanky genius, named BOUNDNOT; these comprised the balance of the troupe. It is a noteworthy fact, that these individuals played and sang their English versions of Italian Operas, with far more effect and correctness than such works as the *Bohemian Girl*. *Sonnambula* was prettily rendered from first to last, while Balfé's most popular and easy opera has never been so wretchedly mutilated. COOPER, *impresario* of this troupe, is an artistic violinist, and an energetic leader withal. His violin tone is clear, pure and sonorous; and his bowing at once legitimate and graceful.

We are to enjoy our second winter season of Italian Opera, from Monday, March 5th, onward. The city certainly is in prime condition for a successful run, even though it be the time of Lent; for thousands of strangers throng the various hotels—men, who recreate themselves with night amusements after the business of the day. Moreover, the vivid remembrances of charming Adelina Patti's recent triumphs in this city, enhanced now by later ovations in Boston, must incite all Philadelphians, whose religious scruples do not overweigh their fondness for her, to

extend an enthusiastic patronage to the season—Max Strakosch, the *avant courier* of the troupe has arrived, looking radiant with hope towards a brilliant campaign—short though it must of necessity be.

Our Harmonic Society has announced the "Seasons" of Autumn and Winter, (Haydn,) for next week; the first two, Spring and Summer, having been most delightfully given by them, several months ago. Up in the northern part of the city, the Handel and Haydn and studying Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, with a zeal and determination which prognosticate a fine performance of this work, but little known to the masses here. I shall take much pleasure in recording for you whatever may transpire here. MANRICO.

HARTFORD, CONN., FEB. 27.—You may depend upon it, something has "turned up" in this poor, neglected city, or this letter would never have come to light; for what is the use of waiting when there is nothing to write about. I have called it a "poor, neglected city," for not a concert by foreign artists have we had through the fall and winter; and had it not been for our own native talent, we must have endured starvation in the desert, musically speaking.

I want to let you know how I happened to write this letter. Last Friday evening was given, by the "Beethoven Society," for the first time in Hartford, Haydn's Oratorio of the *Creation*, entire; from "Chaos" to "Amen," and that, too, without a single assistant from abroad! Some years ago, when the late Mr. GREATOROX was organist at one of our churches, and Mrs. BOSTWICK and Mrs. JAMESON resided here, (both born in this city, I believe,) the oratorio of *David* was produced, and this last week is the second instance of complete Oratorio in Hartford; of course, many strides in advance of Neukomm's *David*. The concert was at the North Church, where is one of Messrs. Hooks' finest three-banked organs, Mr. GEO. E. WHITING, organist, who presided at the performance of the oratorio, assisted by a nice orchestra, Prof. STICKNEY, of Trinity College, leading the violins. The chorus numbered about eighty. Mistresses PRESTON, PARSONS, HUNTINGTON and Miss HOUGH, taking the soprano; MESSRS. WANDER and KELLY, the tenor; and MESSRS. GUNDLACH and FOLEY, the bass solos; all under the conductorship of Mr. JAMES G. BARNETT, who is entitled to immense credit and praise for his untiring efforts in bringing out so great a work as the *Creation*. I must say, for a first performance, and that, too, with the sudden absence of the principal soprano, Mrs. STRICKLAND, who was called away to New York on the very afternoon of the concert, it was a great success. Whether it was fully appreciated by so large an audience, (for the church was densely crowded), I cannot tell; but at any rate they have heard a real oratorio, and a great one, too; and that is giving at least a large portion of those present an opportunity of saying something which they could not have said before; and, of course, they will like it better the next time it is performed.

Of individual parts I have not time to write. As a general thing they were well sustained; the choruses being certainly very powerful and effective, especially the fugue, "Awake the Harp," and "The heavens are telling." Much of the success is due to Mr. WHITING, whose playing was well nigh faultless. He is certainly a remarkably talented young man, and must certainly make his mark in this country. Mr. FOLEY has made great improvement since last winter, which fact I am happy to chronicle, for he has a most delicious quality of voice—rare indeed. Miss HOUGH did herself much credit in "With verdure clad;" but had she avoided the *chopping off* of her words and a certain explosive element which betrayed itself throughout the aria, she would have gained herself many more friends. But why attempt to criticize? It was an initiatory performance to the singers as well as to the audience; and I doubt very much whether a first attempt was ever better accomplished, even in your own city of Boston. H.



## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

The *Tribune's* correspondent, under date of Feb. 9, writes:

Richard Wagner, the disputedly great musical composer, gave yesterday at the *Italiens* the third and last of his concerts here. Whether or not he be what his warmer admirers have proclaimed him, the "Musician of the Future," contemporary Parisians seem willing to leave to their posterity. Perhaps they could not appreciate it is certain that on the whole they did not relish his revolutionary music. The concerts were made up of extracts from his operas. The house was well filled, partly by curious auditors, partly by national auditors—the German colony in Paris being largely represented there. The impartial critics, as impartial as they can be with their prejudices in favor of the music of the past and present—of Mozart and Rossini—while recognizing the great science and genius of Wagner, blame him for distorting his talent by a false system, wasting it upon a fruitless task. He would make music a medium for conveying philosophical ideas, trains of thought, connected descriptions—would make it in fact perform the offices of literature.

Fiorentino, one of the most competent of Paris musical critics, had a pleasant article on his first concert, the other Monday, from which I quote a paragraph or two: "M. Wagner is a man between two ages, rather tall and rather thin. His physiognomy is intelligent, his manner a little stiff and starched. He has a fine, high, noble forehead; the lower part of his face is crunched and vulgar. You would say that two fairies—an angry and a kindly one—had presided at his birth. The fairy of harmony has caressed and embellished the brow whence were to proceed so many bold conceptions and grand ideas; the fairy of melody, foreseeing the pain this child would give her, just sat upon his face, and smashed down his nose."

"The concert began with the overtures of the *Fli-gender Hollander*. M. Wagner leads without notes, which indicates a remarkable memory and a strongly organized head. I do not know whether it is the fault of the performers or of the composer, or whether I lack a sixth sense, which it seems is necessary to the comprehension of this new music, but I must confess that a shower of fisticuffs falling on my head would not have given me a more disagreeable sensation. It is a series of harsh accords, of shrill whistlings, of clashings, of brazen instruments gone mad, without truce, without any repose for the ear." Fiorentino goes on to recognize in following pieces, fragments and passages "truly beautiful," "brilliant," "grand," "superb," "ingenious," "charming," and "sometimes, but rarely, the phrases of melody of an extreme sweetness and of a marvellous beauty. He seems then to have fallen away from his principles and doctrines, to have gone astray as it were; but immediately, as if to punish himself for the dereliction, he dashes headlong into vagueness and obscurity, into the unreasonable and impossible."

The correspondent of the *London Musical World*, furnishes the following items:

Good music, like wine, acquires a still finer tone from age, and the musical port that has just been brought from its cell, after a seclusion of more than fifteen years—for it is as long as that since the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa has been performed in Paris—is no exception to the rule. When this opera was last played, Lablache filled the part of Geronimo; it is Signor Zucchini who has now the difficult task assigned him of assuming the character after him. The parts of the two sisters and the aunt, Carolina, Lisetta, Fidalma, are performed by the Signoras Alboni, Penco, and Dottini. The other principal parts are filled by Signori Gardoni and Radiali. The trio of the first act, with the fine air Gardoni sings, "Pria che spunti," obtained an encore, and indeed the entire performance seemed to give unmitigated satisfaction. It is now sixty-nine years since Cimarosa composed the *Matrimonio Segreto*. At the Grand Opera, the rehearsals of Prince Poniatowski's opera, *Pierre de Médicis*, which were interrupted momentarily by the loss of M. Girard, are going on with renewed vigor. It is on the production of this composition that M. Dietrich will enter on his new functions. The representation at the Opéra-Comique, by particular desire, of the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, on the 22d, was attended with the greatest success.

At the meeting of the *Académie des Sciences* on the 23d of January, M. A. Cavallé-Coll, manufacturer of organs, read a memorial upon the "Determination of the dimensions of the pipes of organs with respect to their intonation." This important question, which

has occupied a great number of learned men from the time of Bernoulli to our days, has just been solved by that expert manufacturer, in an equally scientific and practical manner. The facility of calculation that this new theory effects, has enabled the author of it to put into the hands of his least experienced workmen, tables and rules, by means of which they can, by a simple arithmetical operation, or only with the compass, decide immediately with the greatest exactitude, the real length of the tubes, and also the position of the nodes of vibration (*nœuds de vibration*), for the formation of new harmonical effects with which M. Cavallé-Coll has enriched modern art.

METZ.—*Le Pardon de Ploërmel* pursues its triumphal march, and the beauties it contains excite the enthusiasm of the public every evening.

BRUSSELS.—Last Thursday, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* was given for the twelfth time. It continues to draw good houses.

GENEVA.—The first representation of *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* has just been given to a densely crowded house. The Genevese public warmly applauded the new opera, which has achieved a most brilliant success. The various artists acquitted themselves admirably, especially Mlle. Emon, in the part of Dinorah.

BERLIN.—Mlle. Artot and M. Carrion have sung at the concert before the Court, when Meyerbeer's *Schiller March* was performed. This magnificent composition excited the greatest enthusiasm. At the Royal Opera House a three-act opera, *Christine de Suède*, music by M. de Reder (the King's intendant), and ballet by M. Taglioni, has just been represented for the first time. A brilliant audience was assembled, and the work met with honorable success. At the end of the first act Mad. Wagner (Christine) was honored with a call.

ROSTOCK (Mecklenburg).—The *Pardon de Ploërmel* has just been produced with brilliant success. The execution was irreproachable, and the crowded audiences at the performance of this master-piece testified by applause and recalls, their satisfaction to the artists.

VIENNA.—The first Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of Herr Eckert, took place in the Imperial Opera House. Among the pieces played were Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*, and Berlioz's *Fée Mab*, scherzo from the symphony of *Roméo et Juliette*. The last piece was executed with a rare degree of perfection, and received with enthusiasm. The revival of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris* attracted a large audience, and proved a complete success. Madame Dustmann rendered the principal part with immense talent. At the same theatre, Lortzing's opera, *Der Wüddel*, has been favorably received.

FRANKFORT.—*Le Pardon de Ploërmel* will be brought out very shortly. The rehearsals are terminated, and the management are only waiting for the completion of the scenery. Herr A. Dreychock, the pianist, gave, on the 23rd January, a concert, attended by a numerous audience.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—It is now certain that *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* will not be produced before the 23d January (4th February). It is the non-completion of the scenery, which is confidently asserted to be admirable, that has caused the delay. Mad. Charton, Calzolari, and Debassini, will support the principal parts excellently. The work will be given for the benefit of Mad. Charton, and the whole house is already let; it is impossible to obtain a place. Meanwhile, *La Traviata*, with Mlle. Balfe as the heroine, is to be given for the benefit of Calzolari, and *Le Prophète* for that of Tamberlik. The day before yesterday, *Der Freischütz*, with new costumes, scenery, and appointments, was performed for the benefit of Mongini. The house was full, and the success achieved by Mlle. Lagrua very brilliant. The same evening, at the French theatre, an extraordinary performance afforded the public an opportunity of hearing Tamberlik sing a French romance and a Russian one, and Mad. Nantier-Didé some Neapolitan songs.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Benedicite. Song. Zoële. 25

Of a somewhat sacred character; a fair tribute by a friend to the "memory of the mother of the Rev. Dr. Tyng," as the title says. Sweeter music could not be offered for the purpose.

The streamlet and the river. Ballad. S. Glover. 25

A charming melody, flowery, graceful, in six-eight time. The words, by Chas. Jeffreys, embody a touching thought, and are in themselves quite pretty.

Lola. Spanish Serenade. F. Wallerstein. 35

Like the well-known Spanish songs of "La Manola," "La Colossa," &c., this song has a strongly accented air, easily caught and remembered, and a certain bold gaiety, which is sure to win for it a favorable reception everywhere.

Bonnie Charlie. Ballad. Scotch. 25

A charming Scotch ballad which has lately been brought out again by Mrs. J. H. Long. This is not the first old sterling ballad, which has been rescued by our gifted prima donna from an untimely burial on the shelves of music sellers, and imbued by her with new and fresh life. The ballad is one that well deserves to be kept before the public. The title-page of this song has a striking likeness of Mrs. Long on it.

Up in the early morning. Song. J. W. Turner. 25

A pretty and simple song for young singers.

Dip, boys, dip the oar. Boat Song and Chorus. Sarona. 25

A lively strain, strongly recommended to members of Boat-clubs and amateur oarsmen.

Lightly tread. Song and Chorus. D. B. Worley. 25

Simple and taking.

The nightingale her tuneful lay. Duet. Bissell. 25

For two female voices. Well adapted for scholars.

O how beats my heart with joy. Di piacer mi balza il cor.) "La Gazza Ladra." 50

A celebrated song of the prima donnas, for light, flexible voices and graceful delivery; one of Rossini's best Cavatinas. For Soprano voices.

Life is darkened o'er with woe. Quaggin in questa val.) "Der Freischütz." 25

Caspar's Bacchanalian song in the first act. A splendid bass-song. The German words (Hier im ird'schen Jammerthal) are also added.

#### Instrumental Music.

Autumn Flowers. Oesten. 25

Alpine Song. " 25

Military Galopade. " 25

Numbers of a set of melodious pieces of various character for young players, called "Nebelbilder." They will prove highly useful for instructive purposes.

#### Books.

The Opera of MARTHA, or The Fair at Richmond. By F. Von Flotow, with English, German and Italian words. 3.00

This volume is the twelfth of the series well known under the general name of "Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas." Our readers are familiar with the merits of the work, so that nothing need be said in this connection in reference to them. In typographical execution it is, as are the previous volumes of this edition of operas, fully satisfactory.

